

The Secret

This is our
story. Time
for us to pass
it on to you.

Prachi Parikh

Chapter 1

My hands gently slid on the cold stone wall, as I walked, step by step, down the abandoned stairs.

Where are they? I thought. *They should be here by now!*

Tension fizzed inside me. Tears welled up in my brown eyes. I tried to find something to wipe my eyes, but what could I find in a rundown abandoned mansion? It was too late any way, water streamed down my dirty cheek, like a river being formed.

Before I could even react, a loud, deafening, spine tingling noise came from behind the front door. The door blew open, shattering glass everywhere rapidly, like a prey running from the predator. Two tall, black haired, brown eyed boys walked in with their stinky, non-showered bodies.

"Xavier, John! You guys are back and alive!" I cried in relief as I ran toward them and gingerly hugged their muscular, yet bruised and beaten bodies. "What happened to you guys?" I asked as I examined bruises and cuts.

"Those stinkin' gangs are what happened," Xavier explained, "They knew we were following them. Luckily, we made it out alive. But their mutts probably have our scent now."

John, the youngest, nodded in agreement like it was perfectly fine. I swear he can be a total nut case at times.

"Well, if they have your scent, take a shower, so your dirty scent will go away. And guys, please put on something clean, 'cause right now, you two smell like trash and gym socks." I complained. Xavier rolled his eyes and started walking up the stairs. John just stood there and looked at me. "GO!!" I yelled.

"Oh, right!" he said and ran up the stairs.

I sighed, went up the stairs to my "room", and sat there. Boy was I exhausted from all this tension and pressure. This really wasn't our house, but since our real house got burned after our parents died, we decided to live here for now.

"Oh, yeah," Xavier, the oldest out of us three, said as he walked in, still not showered. His stench was dominating my nostrils. "After John and I finished taking showers, we are gonna blow this joint, capish?" I nodded.

Chapter 2

Literally, when Xavier said, "Blow this joint...", he wasn't kidding. After the two teens were clean, we marched down the cold marble stairs, and out the soot-covered front door, which by the way was missing a door. But before Xavier came out, he planted little black, mysterious boxes, which was about the size of your fist, around the house. My hands began to sweat. Xavier is so mysterious and unpredictable, that when he does something, you get scared, sometimes for no reason.

"Let's go," he said as he walked right past us, his feet crushing the floor beneath him. I couldn't help but notice this black little mark on his wrist, but he was too far to see clearly what it was. That wasn't as important as the object he was holding... a machine that, to me, seemed to be for the things he placed around the house.

Oh, did I mention that the mansion was in the middle of the woods, thus making us completely lost.

"Where are we going?" John asked.

"As far as we can, so we are not turned into s'mores," Xavier answered.

I gave a confused look, but in the back of my mind, I could imagine what he was going to say.

"I put small bombs I made around the house," he explained, "When I press this little machine, the bombs will explode and so will the house." Showing us the button on the machine he was holding, he added, "We have to make sure that the gang don't know we were ever there."

When we were about a mile away from the old, abandoned mansion, Xavier pressed the button. In the distance you could hear a distinct BOOM and could see a faint glow of light. Luckily, the house came with outdoor sprinklers, that only worked if they sensed smoke, or the woods would have also exploded.

"Now, can we try and get out of the woods?" John complained.

"Where do you think we're going?" I asked as Xavier snickered to my remark. We kept walking for about an hour until I heard the sounds of cars passing by and the wind hitting in to them. I motioned them towards the noise. Crossing my fingers, we stepped into the light.

Chapter 3

Squinting my eyes, we, the three orphans, stepped out into the blinding sunlight. As my eyes adjusted, a store came into view; TRACY'S. Xavier and John looked at each other, the way that would give you goose bumps, looked over at the pool of cars, and then started walking toward a black, dark window-tinted Ferrari. Let's just say they were not going there to admire it.

"What are you doing?" I hissed as Xavier went under the car, started taking things out and putting things in.

"I'm getting ready to go shopping." He implied sarcastically. I already knew that he was going to hot-wire the car, and he was not going to take "no" for an answer. I sighed and climbed under the black vehicle to help. Might as well, since we needed a car. The oil that dripped off the car, like slime off slugs, stained my clothes, but since I'm wearing black vans, black jeans, and a black shirt, you cannot see the oil mark. Dark clothes are usually what we wear, so we can camouflage into the night or the woods.

"This isn't goin' to work!" John, who was sitting in the driver's seat, said. "You two have been trying for twenty minutes!"

"Oh, come on! Don't be pushy or I'll make you help. Just....um... look for a license or registration or anything useful, in case we get pulled over." I complied. I can't have John ruining my mood on whatever month and day it is. I actually don't know what the year is either, but who cares about that when you are on the run from the Destruction, the *Most Wanted* in five continents!

John pulled the cabinet, which is located in between the driver and passenger seat, open and the light from the open door hit a silver object; car keys!

"I don't think we need to hot-wire this baby. Look!" John said as we came from under the prestigious car and eyeballed the keys.

"Yes, you found the keys! Good job, dude!" Xavier said as they high five. What luck! The owner kept his keys *in* the car. What a rich loser!

I lay in the back seat of the car for a while. Trust me, for a girl who is used to sleeping on gross, bug-infested ground, lying in leather is like heaven. Xavier fixed everything from under the car and sat in the driver's seat, since he was 17, and knew how to drive, it wasn't illegal for him to drive. John placed his bottom on the passenger seat.

"So, where are we going now?" John asked. His hand swept through his brown hair. Xavier glanced at me from the mirror. His dark brown eyes were melting into my skin.

"Uncle Bob's house," I said. The two young adults nodded. Now we are headed to Blackbark, the place where everything changes.

Will he still remember us?

Chapter 4

"So... who wants to sing?" John asked.

"No one except you," I replied. We, the three homeless teens, were driving to our Uncle Bob's house, which is located in Blackbark. Luckily, the car we "borrowed" has a built-in GPS or else we would have been in Mexico right about now.

"Oooooohhhh...", John, who was sitting in the passenger seat, began to sing.

"Ughh!" Xavier, who was controlling the car, behind the wheel, groaned.

"Oooold McDonald had a farm," John sang, "E! !! E! !! Ohhh! Umm... Kate, do you know the rest? I forgot." He added embarrassed. Xavier chuckled.

"Obviously she does not. Kate does not have time to memorize nursery rhymes. She has much bigger things to think about." Xavier said, keeping a steady hand on the wheel.

"Sorry, John," I added. John shrugged, a meaning of forgiveness, and turned on the radio.

I know what you people reading this are probably wondering: The three orphans know what the radio is? We sure do. Actually, we used to listen to it all the time before our parents left the picture and were murdered. Now, we really don't have time, due to all this running and hiding from the Destruction.

A new, I think, Kanye East song came on.

"We are not listening to this. Put some Girl Goo-Goo on!" I complained. Xavier rolled his brown eyes and turned the radio off.

"If we can't agree to a stupid song, since John and I hate Girl Goo-Goo, might as well turn it off." Xavier explained, glancing over at the GPS.

I was so relieved that this GPS came with a Bluetooth, so only Xavier could hear what it was saying. Seriously, the machine saying, "Turn right at approximately three miles," or saying, "Recalculating," every two minutes really peed me off, so I was grateful for the Bluetooth.

Knowing where we were heading, I really wasn't that worried... was I?

Chapter 5

I peered out into the dark, ominous night. Dark, brown and green trees covered both sides of the black, dark tinted windowed, Ferrari, so there was not much scenery to look at. Finally, after what felt like a century, we came across a small, run-down town. Xavier turned right, driving into the small parking lot of a rickety, small motel called LoMo. What kind of motel name was that? Then he parked awkwardly, using up two spaces that are meant for two cars not one.

“What are we doing here?” I questioned.

“It is past midnight, and I’m tired. So we are going to crash here for the night, plus the GPS says that Blackbark is only one hour away, so we can get there tomorrow morning. Guys, got any dough?” Xavier said.

Just letting you, the amazing, curious reader, know that his version of “dough” means money, you know if you did not know that already.

I pulled out a hundred dollars, which I saved up. John also pulled out a hundred bucks, and Xavier did the same thing, pulled out one hundred bucks.

“Here is your room.” The manager of the motel said. We each saved fifty bucks, since one room with three beds costs \$150.

“Thanks,” Xavier said.

The room had three beds, each bed was clean, but the color of the covers and blankets were worn out, making them look peach or gray. There was also one bathroom, which was also clean and dull in color. The streak-covered window stood next to my bed. Plus, there was a small kitchen that had a rusty, old stove, dirty microwave, rusty oven, stained sink, and a small fridge. The fridge was stacked with ice cream and water bottles, so we did not complain about being hungry or anything like that.

“Looks like we got our dinner!” I laughed. After we each ate about a gallon of ice cream, we sunk ourselves on our bed and fell asleep. Our dark, dirty clothes popped next to about everything in the room, like a bear in the mall, even in the dark, at night.

Tomorrow, we head out to the one person our family who is alive, I hope, and who we can trust to take us in; Uncle Bob.

Chapter 6

“Ughhh! Kate, will you turn off the sun!” John moaned, pulling his bed sheets over his face, as I pulled the curtains for the window apart. Light spilled into the room, like goo spilling out of a bottle, touching each object that came in its way.

“Come on, guys. Early birds get the early worm,” I quoted from what our mother used to tell us when we used to be lazy and never wake up on a school morning.

“We are not birds, Katie.” Xavier pointed out, covering his eyes, from the blinding sun, with his pillow.

“Plus, we are not that poor that we need to eat worms.” John added. I rolled my brown eyes and placed my hands on my hips. Then I said

“Fine, then, I will eat all the pancakes that I got across the street, all by myself!”

Xavier and John shot up and looked at the stack of pancakes on three plates, drenched with syrup, topped off with a slice of half melted butter. The aroma flew in the air and in our nostril. I, of course, did not forget to buy the orange juice. The mouths seem to fall open instantly as they ran to the plates, grabbing one and chopping down the pancakes, like insane gorillas.

“I....Love....You....Kate!” John said between bites and Xavier nodded in agreement.

When we finished glutting ourselves with pancakes, us three fixed the beds, washed the sticky, dirty plates, which came with the room. Since we only had one pair of clothes, all dark, by the way, we did not bother to take showers. We gave the room key back and ran to the car, which seemed to stand out compared to all the other rusty pick-up trucks. It was 11:00 in the morning, so we had an hour worth of driving.

Hope we make it before it is too late.

Chapter 7

Finally, after driving for a long, meaningless hour, we reached the city called Blackbark.

“Whoa, this area looks so different than before and... what’s the word.... oh yeah... gloomy.” Xavier observed.

He was right. When we turned left to head into Uncle Bob’s neighborhood, which, by the way, was in the center of the city, everything changed. The bright sun was now blanketed by dark, gray clouds, most of them hung near the ground, but the surrounding was still visible. All the houses were painted in dark colors, and the residents living in the area, who were walking around also wore dark clothes, so we would fit in. Well, not really, since almost all of the people were old, or in their middle fifties and sixties.

“Do you know where his house is?” John asked

“Do you really think we know? The last time we came here was in seven years ago.” I pointed out, “I think we should ask someone.” Xavier nodded in agreement. He stopped the black, dark window-tinted Ferrari next to the sidewalk, where an old man, with a grayish, whitish beard, was walking.

“Um... Excuse me, sir?” Xavier called politely. The man acknowledged our presence and came closer to our car.

“Do you know where Bob Underwood lives?” Xavier went on.

“Yes... but why do you want to meet him and how do you know him?” The man questioned suspiciously, his sweet, elderly voice panicking me.

“Well... actually-,” Xavier started, but I interrupted, knowing that my brother was going to tell the man who we are.

“Actually, our father is really close to Bob Underwood and he wanted to give an important message to him.” I lied. The three things I am great at is fighting, lying, and manipulating people. I know these are not good traits to have, but when you have to protect your two brothers and yourself from being kidnapped or even killed, you need to master these traits.

“Oh, okay,” the old man said, “Bob lives on Elm Street. Just drive straight, then turn left on the third street from here. He lives in the house number 1999, you can’t miss it.” We thanked him and headed to where the elderly gentleman said Uncle Bob’s house was located. Surprisingly, it was there, exactly where he said it was.

The house stood out, since it was, literally, the only white house in about a mile. Due to this, the house seemed ominous.

“I do not think we all should go in altogether, at once.” John said.

“Fine, then I will go, you know, since I *am* the oldest out of the three of us.” Xavier said, parking his car, which really wasn’t his, and taking his seat belt off cautiously. He slowly, but with great pride and dignity, walked up the front steps. His pale hand reached for the shiny, gold doorbell. No one came to open the door. Finally, after waiting for, like, forever, Xavier turned the doorknob. It was open

He turned back at us and gave John and I a small smile and a thumbs up, which was a sign that he was about to go in. Xavier stepped into Uncle Bob’s house.

Was this all just a big trap?

Chapter 8

“Kate! Please stop tapping!” John pleaded, getting annoyed.

“Sorry. What is taking Xavier so long?” I wondered out loud, like I did since I was five. Even though it has been about two minutes, I started to get worried. My heart was beating erratically, ready to burst out. Why wasn’t John this qualm? He just sat there humming to himself and looked out the window, in the other direction of the Uncle Bob’s house.

“KATE! JOHN!” Xavier yelled as he came out from the red front door. Our heads twisted to see Xavier. My instincts told me something is wrong and my heart started to beat even faster than before.

“Something happened to Uncle Bob! Quick!” He added

We sprinted out of the black car in flash and ran to join Xavier. He grabbed our arms and pulled us inside the house.

Uncle Bob’s house is one of the most unique houses I have ever seen. There are two floors and an attic, which no one goes in. The second floor is like an ordinary floor, but the bottom floor is different.

When you first enter, to the right, there is the family room. It has a twelve by twelve plasma screen television, a pitch black couch, one that can fit ten average weight and size people on it, a brown, wooden coffee table located in the center of the room and in front of the couch, and, lastly, irreplaceable pictures were mounted all over the wall. None of which, had pictures of us. You can only get to the second floor through the family room, which is where the stairs are.

On the left, was a large kitchen and since almost all kitchens have a microwave, a fridge, an oven, a stove, a sink, and cabinets, I am not going to waste time and go into details.

If you keep on walking down the small, narrow hallway, you come into the living room. You can also get into the living room through the door in the kitchen. The living room has a granite table with cups and papers on it. A warm cup of coffee was placed there, so someone had to be there. Dark brown couches were on the three sides of the room.

In the center of the living room was an old man, with a small beard and mustache attached. His eyes were closed and his face was calm, yet a sense of surprise and horror. He was lying on the ground motionless and on his stomach was a silver-like metal object; however you could not see most of the silver. The object was ... a knife! Red, thick blood formed on his white shirt and gushed out to form a puddle on the carpet around him, staining it permanently.

This man was, no other than, Uncle Bob, and he ... was dead.

Chapter 9

"Oh! My! Gosh!" I cried in desperation. Tears poured out of my eyes and streamed down my cheeks, like a waterfall. John came to me, his hands on my shoulders. As weak as I was at the moment, I hugged him, my invisible tears staining his sleeves.

"It's okay, sis. Everything is going to be okay." Xavier said sadly as he also came closer and put his hands on my shoulder. I hugged them both and then let go, hoping they were crying, too. I don't get why John wasn't crying. Xavier is strong, so he would not cry in front of us, even for a million dollars, but John was weak at times like me. I just let it slide, since I was not in the mood.

"We should probably look for clues." I sniffled, wiping my tear with my sleeves.

Xavier and John, both went upstairs to investigate for something suspicious. I tried to investigate in the family room, but found nothing unusual.

Now I am in the living room, trying my best not to look at the dead corpse of Uncle Bob, my favorite Uncle, and start sobbing all over again.

I glanced at the cup of, still warm, coffee. The steam was still coming out of the cup. A small little paper was sticking out under the cup. I gingerly lifted the cup and unfolded the paper. It read...

Kate,

Sweetie, do not listen to anyone. No one can be trusted. Your loved ones turn enemies. Keep your eyes open.

Yours always,

Uncle Bob

I looked around to see if anyone was there.

What did Uncle Bob mean by that note I thought in my head. I decided to let it go. Just to be safe or for proof of any sort, I stuffed the piece of paper in my back right pockets of my dark jeans. Before I turned around and headed out the living room to head upstairs, my eyes caught onto something.

On the handle of the knife, there was a far too familiar mark engraved in red. It looked like a fancy D with swirls underneath the letter, but not the good, party kind of fancy, more like an evil, murderous kind of fancy. I knew exactly who was here before the three of us.

The Destruction murdered Uncle Bob.

Chapter 10

“John? Xavier?” I questioned as I entered the room. There they were, John on the floor, and Xavier looking at thing, maybe for clues. He looked up and saw me, then stopped observing.

“I think... No wait... I know who killed Uncle Bob.” I went on.

John and Xavier tensed, looked at each other, and then looked at me confused.

“The Destruction!” I answered. “Since on the handle of the knife, it has the gang’s symbol. You know, the fancy D.”

“Oh yeah, that makes a lot of sense.” John said, agreeing.

“So what do we do know? We have nowhere to go and nowhere else to stay.” I pointed out. No one said anything, so I am guessing no one knew what to do next. Finally, after a long period of time, someone spoke.

“I know where we need to go,” Xavier started. “We need to go to Pomona Theaters, which is, I think, about two hours from here. This note says that the Destruction has Great Aunt Ida.” He explained, handing me the note.

It read...

Dear Rotten Kids,

I see you guys reached Bob's house. But now, you three, Kate, John, and Xavier Underwood, need to come to Pomona Theaters, which is abandoned, by the way. We have your great Aunt Ida with and it would be terrible if anything happen to her. Well... the time is ticking. Tick! Tock!

Sincerely (not so much),
The Destruction

“Why should we save her? She left us on the stinkin’ street, for crying out loud! Plus shouldn’t she be dead by now?” John protested.

“John, Great Aunt Ida is, like, in her forties or even fifties, at the most, and even if she left us, she is, technically, the only family we have that is still alive!” I cried, trying to convince him to do the right thing. Xavier nodded in agreement and also, like me, stuffed the piece of paper in his back right pocket of his dark, denim jeans. Before he was about to leave the room, which was the guestroom and only had a brown, wooden dresser with a mirror and a white bed, I said, “how about we rest up in this room and also sleep here tonight. Then leave first thing tomorrow morning. Plus, just leave Uncle Bob’s body here, so no one suspects anything.” Xavier shrugged and sat down on the floor, while John took the bed. I also slept on the white carpet floor, but stayed up for hours, looking out the window, wondering... *Would this be the end?*

Chapter 11

So the next day we, at twelve o'clock in the afternoon, we headed to Pomona Theaters. Before we left, the three of us cleaned up, so nobody would notice we were ever there, then had had an ample amount of breakfast.

When we were about to head out of the house, John and I decided to call 9-1-1, and then we left. As a result to this, the police will come to Uncle Bob's house, see him dead, but by the time they see him, we will be gone.

"Come on! Chop! Chop!" Xavier complained. His major pet peeve is when someone is late. Finally, we all piled in the black Ferrari, the one that we stole at TRACY'S a couple days ago. Wow, it felt like an eternity since we were, somewhat, safe and could relax.

We drove for two long, exhausting hours to get to Greenwood, which is where Pomona Theaters is. Funny thing, none of us know what State we are in. All I know is that we are in North America, possibly in the United States.

Most of the drive, John and Xavier were complaining on what to do after we save Great Aunt Ida. John wanted to ditch her and leave. However, Xavier wanted to live with her. I really do not care. All I wanted to do was save her and get the heck out of here.

Xavier turned right into the large, empty parking lot. They were not wrong, the place deserted.

Great! No witnesses. I thought. But if there was anyone to see everything, the gang would kill them anyway.

We parked the car and got out. The two boys seemed oddly calm, unlike me, who had to wipe my hand on my jeans every second. I was on full alert and ready to fight, if we had to. I opened the tall marble door that led to the stage. We walked into, possibly our last hour alive.

Chapter 12

This Theater wasn't like a movie theaters, with a giant screen, but instead it had a stage, so I guess it was for plays and musicals. There were three aisles with a carpet that made you feel like you were cat-walking down the red carpet. There were three doors, and we seemed to walk into the main door, and walked on the main carpet.

"Whoa, super scary, dude!" John echoed, his voice bouncing off the walls, taking a full 360 of the place.

Rows and rows of red seats were place. The lights were off and after the main door closed, everything seemed to go dark, except on the aisle; there were little lights, so we were able to see dimly.

Our feet were silent as voice. My heart began to thud again. I felt like someone was here, but no one was behind us or else John, who has ears like bats, and Xavier, who has eyes like hawks, would have noticed. Our clothes blended in as if it were a camouflage uniform, such as the ones people wear in the army. We were right in front of the stage, viewing the seats, felling how an actor or an actress would feel during a play.

"I see you guys made it." A voice echoed. We all jumped and look around. There was no dark figure coming to us. The lights went from dim to bright. I covered my eyes with my hands, until my eyes adjusted to the light.

I immediately turned around sharply and my eyes fell onto them. There were, like, twelve of them, all looking at us with hatred in their eyes. One of them stepped out; he was also wearing all black, like us. His smile was friendly, but his blue eyes were filled with evil. His blond hair seemed to pop with his dark attire.

"Hello, Kate." The man said. I knew exactly who he was.

"Dylan, how not nice to see you again." I said, sounding bored.

"You can't talk to the leader of the Destruction like that." He pointed out. I rolled my eyes and said,

"Oh, by the way, Frankenstein called, he wants his face back." Dylan's face turned bright red, just like a strawberry. He turned around and yelled,

"GET HER!"

Chapter 13

At once, all of the members of the gang ran at us. I was ready to fight. I flipped to the side and kicked one woman in the face, she fell like a rock. One man gave me a round kick in the ribs. All the air flew out of me, I tried to gasp the air back in, but before I could, Dylan punched me in the face. I could feel the salty, red blood trickle down the side of my mouth.

All the anger filled inside of me.

This is it! I thought inside my head.

I got up confidently. Dylan swung at me again, but I was ready, I grabbed his arm and twisted it behind his back. I heard a piercing scream, which came from him. One of his members kicked me in the knee and I fell again.

“Really? Again?” I complained.

I jumped up and punched him in the eye, then gave him a round kick in the ribs. He never saw that coming.

“Um... Kate?” John voice came from behind me. I had no time to look at him.

“Little busy, John!” I said. I heard him sigh and I guess he walked away.

Someone decide it would be easy if he kicked me. I bent down, and grabbed his foot, then, with all my might, I turned his foot, and he flipped, falling on the ground in pain.

“Grab her!” I heard Dylan moan.

Then the freakiest thing happened.

John and Xavier came next to me and ... grabbed both my arms!

I tried to break free from their grip, but they were too strong, especially with them both. Then they dragged me to these two other people, and they grabbed me.

“Time to die.” Dylan whispered in my ears.

Chapter 14

“Wait... What!” I screamed. A thought popped into my mind. “Where is Great Aunt Ida?”

Dylan smiled at me and then smile at Xavier, who seemed like I didn’t even know him anymore.

“Well, actually, she died a year ago; we just needed a plan to get you here. So while you were running around in this scavenger hunt, John and Xavier were helping us.” Dylan explained. My eyes open in disbelief. I came here just to be betrayed.

“Is this true?” I asked, tears forming in my eyes. Dylan didn’t even let him answer, he just grabbed Xavier’s arm and showed me the small object I saw a couple days ago in the woods.

It was a tattoo of the Destruction’s symbol. Someone else did the same thing to John and he had it, too. They were one of them.

Tears slipped out of my eyes.

“How could you!” I yelled, trying not to scream in desperation. “What did I ever do to you two?”

John stepped closer and said,

“It is not what you did; it is what you are going to do.” I stared at him in confusion. Xavier stepped closer to help.

“Did you look at our parents will?” He questioned.

Our parents used to be the richest people on Earth, you know, before they were killed. I shook my head. Xavier sighed.

“Well, it said that all of their money is going to you!” He screamed.

“Is that why you did all this? Are you stupid? I am not that selfish, that I would keep it all to myself.” I cried.

“We can’t be too sure.” Dylan said sounding all angelic.

John backed away while Xavier pulled a black object from his pocket.

It was a gun.

Chapter 15

He pointed it towards me. Before he could trigger the gun, I flipped under the two men holding me, and punched one in the neck and kicked the other in the face. They both fell to the ground. Everything seemed to be in fast pace and in slow motion, all at the same time.

Xavier shot a bullet and it hit the wall, making a noise of explosion. I knew that I could not get out of here that easily, so I had to improvise.

“Xavier! John! Listen to me!” I said running around, kicking and punching people who came in my way. “Think of how much we went through, how I protected you guys. Xavier, you used to protect me when I used to cry. Are you willing to give all that up just for money?” I cried. I heard Dylan laughing, so I turned around and punched him in the face.

“Kate! You can’t convince us anymore. We already made our decision.” John yelled through all this chaos. I stopped and stared at them two; they were total strangers to me now. How could I have not noticed?

“You killed Uncle Bob!” I said directly at Xavier. That is why it took him too long, he was killing him! Xavier just smiled at me evilly. “Why! He was the only one we had.”

“Because he would have told you anyway, he knew we were on their side!” I should have read between the lines of the note. How stupid could I have been? John and Xavier were the only loved ones alive.

As I was standing there, staring at them, Dylan came from behind me and grabbed my arms. I tried to break free, but he was too strong, since he was older than me by, like, ten years.

“Now!” He screamed

“Nooooo...” I heard someone yell.

Xavier pointed the gun towards me again and pulled the trigger. The bullet flew in the air and ripped through my skin, right into my heart. As I slowly fell, all the voices faded. All I could think of was Mom, Dad, Uncle Bob, the note, and John and Xavier before all of this. Everything in my life was now just a small memory. My eyes began to close, turning my life into total darkness.

The last words I heard were...

“Mission Accomplished.”

Epilogue

The cold, crisp afternoon wind howled through the vents of the Theaters. John gingerly walked up to the stage. The stench of death hung in the air.

I am so sorry Kate. He thought. *I should have known that Xavier would have betrayed me, too.*

Cold, salty tears fell out of his brown eyes. It had been exactly a year since Kate had died in this Theater. Xavier and The Destruction had left John behind the day Xavier turned eighteen and received the money. Now John lives with a family, who knew their parents. The family lives in Redwood, a mile from Pomona Theaters.

John stood right in front of where Kate had been shot, Xavier had buried her under the ground, right under the stage, it was right above where she had inhaled and exhaled her last breath.

“I am so sorry, Kate. I tried to stop them, but when I screamed ‘nooo,’ they hit me. I should have known not to trust Xavier, he convinced me. I... am... so... sorry!” John wailed, feeling guilty. He had no idea where Xavier was, or even if he felt guilty.

John, however, had a special bond with Kate, so he knew, somewhere far, far away; Kate was listening, and knew the truth. He knew she was watching him and protecting him. He knew that she forgave him, and that Kate knows he will always love her, always think of her, and always be her little brother no matter what.

And she did.

The End